

UNIVERSITY OF PARIS

When I wear my university of
Paris sweatshirt everyone
wants to know if I've been.

"Paree" the man in the
auto parts store called it.

Actually I bought it in Meier
& Franks for the scheme:
cream trunk with 3/4 red sleeves.
Cooler than longsleeves for the summer.

I've never been to France but
Dolores has and while there she
stole the cardboard placard
from in front of Gertrude Stein's
house: 27 Rue de Fleur, which
she gave us as a souvenir.

A man at Sears told me that during
the War he was held prisoner with 39
others in a little town in France. As
fate would have it there were 39 wives
of soldiers in the same little village.
These lonely women came to the camp
everyday with baskets of bread for
the Americans. Soon they were staying
the night. The Germans didn't care.
He says he sometimes wishes that
the war had never ended.

I have also never been to Italy.

MATISSE TITS

I know those tits. They are
white halfmoons. A cupped palm
of cool jiggle.

hanging with admirable
detachment on a firm chest. Her
arms are over her head, exposing
armpits erotic with black hairs.

Which doubly make up
for her fully skirted hips.

Her hair is pulled back tight
eyebrows drawn to a thin point
sophisticated as hell.